

# On the Arrival of His Royal Highness,

T H E

# D U K E

I N T O

# E N G L A N D.

## A Congratulatory P O E M.

NOW Heaven Smiles; Our Clouded Orb looks bright:  
The Sun's return'd, and has dispell'd our Night.  
Rejoyce all Loyal Souls: Let all this Isle,  
Be Cover'd with an Universal Smile.

Great JAMES is come! Blest be the Happy Day,  
That did His wisht-for Person safe Convey.

Our Hearts, the Limits of our Breasts, o'erflow,  
And oft for passage to our Mouths do go,

Eager His Princely Person for to meet,  
And to lie prostrate at His Royal Feet.

Let all His Foes (tho' Foes without a Cause)

Look back a while, and on His Actions pause:

Enumerate all His Virtues; Glories, Name,

Then say why they such Goodness did prophane,

And strove with Slander to Eclipse His Fame.

May all that wou'd His Glories so decrease,

Or cease to be, or to be Envious cease.

May they in Shame hang down their Hated Head;

And never raise 'um till their Rancour's dead.

Ungrateful Men! What Hazards did He Shun?

How oft to Death and Danger did He Run?

To Save your Lives, and Liberties Secure,

What Hardships, and what Miseries Endure?

How oft His Royal Person too Expose,

Amidst (except your Selves) His greatest Foes?

When He from HOLLAND fraught with Triumphs came,

And Fame had taught the World no other Name,

Then your Acknowledgments you did Express,

To His vast Conduct ow'd your Happiness.

Then Caps flew up, and Brimmers too were fill'd;

His Health went round, and not a Drop was spill'd;

But in the Fulness of your Flowing Bowls,

You show'd the Gladness of your well-pleas'd Souls.

Now Silent as the Night all hush'd you lye,

(Unknown unto your Selves the Reason why)

And let (Oh! Shame to speak it!) Gratitude to dye.

Yet all Untainted Loyal Hearts do Sing,

Welcom, GREAT SIR, Dear Brother of our KING.

Welcom to us; such Hearty Welcom, SIR,

As Wealth t' th' Poor, or Rest t' th' Traveller,

Or to the Death-beleager'd his Deliverer.

Yet farther Welcom, which no Good Man controuls,  
Welcom as Paradise is to our Souls:

May they who to Your Welcom don't agree,

There find no Welcom, but excluded be.

We're so transported at Your Glorious Sight,

We're lost in Extasie, and vast Delight:

Our Souls do Bless You wheresoe'er You go;

To You we all do Veneration owe.

To Grace Your Mind as Heav'n took special Care,

So did it too to make Your Body Rare.

Joy of our Eyes, our Minds chief Darling too,

Let all that wou'd be Truly Great, Copy You.

Oh that I were Inspir'd! that I might tell

How oft our Mighty HERO did Excell

In Glorious Acts! How oft His Warlike Arm

His Enemies did Defeat, and Country Charm!

But all His Godlike Acts no Tongue can tell,

For they're so great, they are Ineffable.

Our Dazl'd Sense can't all His Glories see,

They are too strong for our Humanity:

'Tis Heav'n that bestow'd 'um best can tell,

For they're to us Incomprehensible.

When from His Royal Brother came Command,

That He forthwith should Quit His Native Land,

And to some Foreign Shore Himself Convey,

Being all Obedience, straight withdrew away.

Scarce was it spoke, but He forthwith Obey'd;

Nor was there any Murmuring Question made;

But as the Meanest, Poorest Subject, He

His Duty show'd, and Brother's Sovereignty.

Immense Obedience! Ne'er to be forgot,

Nor in Oblivion's Grave unthought of rot;

But to's Immortal Fame and Glory be

Recorded left to all Posterity.

Let LONDON Ring till't Echo on the THAMES,

Long Live the KING, and's Royal Brother JAMES.

F I N I S.